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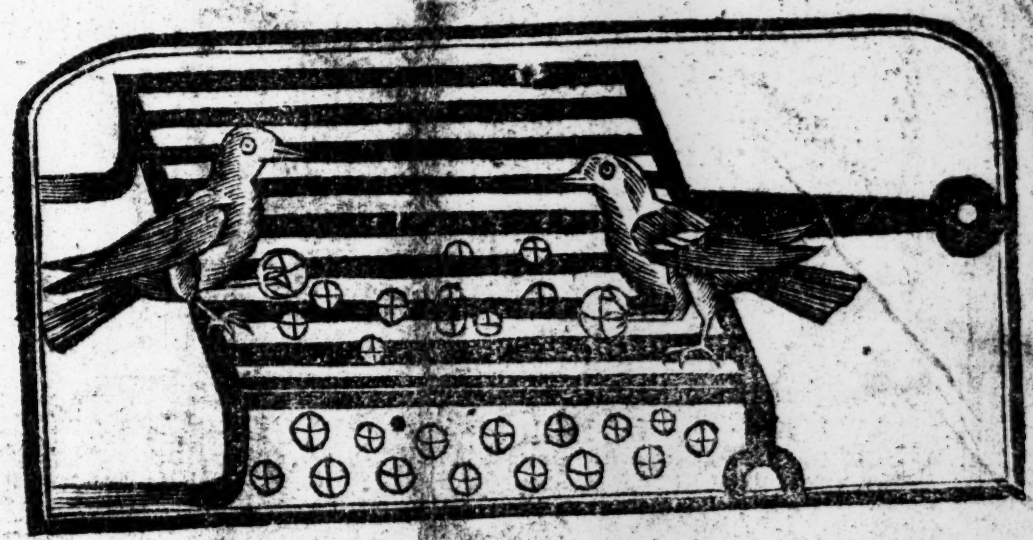
A CAGE FOR THE ROBIN;

OR THE *Norfolk* Bird catch'd at last.



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THE

NORFOLK ROBIN Catch'd at laſt, *&c.*

WE are inform'd by ancient Writers, that there was a certain Nobleman in the *Weſt*, that amongſt ſeveral things that he kept for his Uſe, he admir'd nothing ſo much as a poor little Bird call'd a *ROBIN*; therefore he plac'd him at the higheſt Beam of his Hall, above all other Birds; his ſweet harmonious Notes ſo charm'd his Maſter's Ear, tho' the other Birds oftentimes were Pecking, nothing could make his Maſter diſcard Poor *ROBIN*: So highly had he gain'd his Maſter's Favour, tho' other Birds would *Whiſtle*, *Talk* and *Sing*, as well as he, yet no Note would pleaſe ſo well this old ſubtil Gentleman as *ROBIN*.

But now obſerve the turns of Fate; Death calling the old Gentleman aſide, this Bird began to drupe his Wings for the loſs of ſo good a Maſter and for fear he ſhould be moved from the higheſt Beam above all other Birds of the Air, to be Company for *Rooks*, *Jack-Daws*, and Chattering *Mag-Pies*, ſuch as fly about any end or Court, he having been ſo many Years amongſt the beſt of Birds: But Fortune running ſtill on *ROBIN*'s ſide, that by his charming Notes, he ſoon gain'd the Ears of his young Maſter, who ſoon gave him applauſe above all other Birds, for ſome of them of greater Notes he Diſcarded, but ſtill admir'd little *ROBIN*, who us'd all his Art and Skill to recompence his Maſter's Favours, by ſtraining his Throat, and nimbly Fluttering about his Golden Cage wherein he hung, and biteing Daily the Golden Wire with his pritty Bill and making Holes, which his good Maſter perceiving, order'd a Cage of a mighty Circumference with ſtronger Gold n Wire then ever for fear of loſing pretty *ROBIN*, which the other Birds perceiving began to Echo out their Voice; but cunning *ROBIN* knew too well how to Baffle them, and fell to his old Trade of Biteing the Golden Wire that was within his Reach: But let him do what he would it was pleaſing in his Maſter's ſight, which made *ROBIN* grow Proud and Haughty, and began to drown the Voices of all the other Birds when they began to Sing.

But

But at length a Parcel of new Birds being preſented to his Maſter, *ROBIN* began to grow Surley, which highly diſpleas'd his Maſter, that ſeeing the new Birds ſhould be more Pleaſing in a ſtrange Hall than he that had been ſo many Years fed and nouriſh'd in the ſame Place.

Then the Maſter began to call upon *ROBIN* for ſome of his former Notes, but *ROBIN* ſtill ſat Surley, which mightily ſurpriz'd his Maſter that he could not get one Note or Chirrup, and ſat waiting ſo long upon him which his dear Father had kept, he was reſolv'd to wring his Neck off, but the *Hartfordſhire* Sterling Echo'd out his Voice call'd a Councill for *ROBIN*.

The next Morning being come, his Maſter came into the Hall, and began to look over his Birds, the new Birds began to Sing, ſtill *ROBIN* was very Surley, which ſo enrag'd his good Maſter that he was reſolv'd to take him out of his Golden Cage, and put him in an old Iron one.

FINIS.